WENDY Selection Two

Act One
Scene One
A dark stage. The sound of a clock ticking. A young girl’s voice starts telling a story over the darkness. It is WENDY.

1. PROLOGUE

WENDY
All children, except one, grow up.

Instrumental music comes in.

All children... except...

MICHAEL
Who?

WENDY
He lives amongst the fairies and flies between the stars and sometimes he flies up to the window—

JOHN
Our window, here?

WENDY
—and he plays his pipes for me, only we never wake up in time to see him.

Another little girl’s voice. It is JANE.

JANE
All children, except one, grow up. All children, except for Peter Pan.

Voices start singing in the blackness, a Neverland lullaby. As the tune swells, soft light begins to grow revealing hazy forms: the map of a child’s imagination, perhaps? We can almost see what
the forms may be but they do not quite come into focus. All is dark with a hint of pulsing color. As the music shifts, the hazy glow fades and lights come up behind a different scene: the silhouette of a girl sitting on a bed. Lights come up on WENDY in her room. She sits on her bed.

WENDY
My parents never wanted me, you see.

MR. DARLING (Offstage)
Now don’t interrupt. I have one pound seventeen here, and two and six at the office; I can cut off my coffee at the office, say ten shillings, making two nine and six, with your eighteen and three makes three nine seven—

WENDY
But my mother was young and beautiful and foolish, so my father fell in love with her, and being the first to propose he got all of her.

This is pantomimed through dance to music underneath, as is the wedding.

All of her except the kiss in the right-hand corner of her mouth. And then I came along.

MRS. DARLING pantomimes holding a baby. The voices of Mr. and Mrs. Darling still come from off-stage.

Father in particular wasn’t sure about me.

MRS. DARLING
George, please, do be reasonable!

MR. DARLING
Remember mumps. Mumps, one pound, that is what I have put down, but I dare say it will be more like thirty shillings— don’t speak— measles, one five, German measles half a guinea, makes two fifteen six—
MRS. DARLING
Oh, I know we can make it work, dear. Do be reasonable!

MR. DARLING
Reasonable. Reasonable?!

WENDY
But in the end, I was kept.

Pantomime of adults having a party. MR. and MRS. DARLING whisk away together and soon a second baby emerges. WENDY is manipulated as a doll by her mother sitting on her bed to take a spoonful of medicine, to read a book, to brush her hair.

Next was John.

MR. DARLING
Eight nine seven, dot and carry seven, and the pound you lent to that man who came to the door. Carry the pound...

Another party with dancing. MR. DARLING begins getting friendly with another young lady at the party but before they leave together, MRS. DARLING whisks him away and there emerges another baby.

Then, somehow, Michael.

MR. DARLING
Don’t forget whooping cough, say fifteen shillings—

MRS. DARLING
Dearest, please!

WENDY
In the end, we were all kept. However begrudgingly.

Pantomime around the nursery. Two babies are juggled, toys appear and disappear. WENDY is moved,
again like a doll, to learn to curtsy in front of a mirror, to learn to dance, to clean, and finally is given a baby doll and a bottle.

MR. DARLING
She’s much too old for the nursery, Angela.

MRS. DARLING
Oh, George, she’s only a girl!

MR. DARLING
She’s nearly grown! Tonight is her last night and then she’s out.

MRS. DARLING
Tonight?!

MR. DARLING
You see? Your mother not only loves me, she respects me. Tonight!

A final pantomime-dance. WENDY is put in a fancy gown, she dances with many suitors, until the final dance turns into a wedding. They spin together, WENDY with a look of panic. As WENDY spins, lights come up on the second part of the stage: Jane’s bedroom. WENDY is replaced by ADULT WENDY. As her husband leaves, a baby appears in Adult Wendy’s arms. ADULT WENDY tries to soothe the baby, gives it a bottle, puts it to sleep, tries to clean the nursery, and grows in panic. She picks the baby back up and as she turns, the baby turns into a grown child, JANE. JANE and ADULT WENDY play for a brief moment, and then JANE is escorted to her bed which she sits on, like WENDY. Lights are now up on both
sides of the stage. WENDY and JANE both sit on their beds.

WENDY and JANE
So you see, my parents never really wanted me.

ADULT WENDY tidies up Jane’s room. WENDY speaks as though her mother is there, too.

WENDY and JANE
Mommy, can I please have a story?

ADULT WENDY
It’s too late for stories. Go to sleep.

ADULT WENDY leaves. The sound of a door closing. JANE gets under the covers but still sits up.

WENDY and JANE
It’s always too late for stories.

Lights dim on Jane slightly as she watches WENDY. WENDY climbs into bed and falls asleep. A breeze rustles the curtains on her slightly-ajar window. A small light flies in, flits about the room, and hides in a dresser drawer. Then, a silhouette appears in her window. It is PETER. PETER flies in and lands softly.

PETER
Tinker Bell? Tink? Did you find it?

He looks around for her.

I know you’re in here somewhere.

A tinkle from inside the drawer.

Come out of that drawer and tell me, do you know where they put my shadow?
The drawer opens, Tink tosses the shadow at Peter, and he accidentally shuts the drawer again with her in it.

Ha-ha! Alright, shadow.

He tries to stick the shadow to his body several times and it just falls to the floor. He looks around and finds a bar of soap sitting on a tray with medicine. He rubs the soap on the shadow and on himself and tries to make it stick.

Shadow...

He tries again. When it fails, he puts the soap down and begins crying. WENDY awakes.

WENDY

Boy, why are you crying?

Who are you?

WENDY

Wendy Moira Angela Darling. Who are you?

Peter Pan.

Is that all?

WENDY

Yes.

WENDY

I’m sorry.

PETER

It doesn’t matter.
WENDY
Where did you come from?

PETER
Second to the right and straight on till morning.

WENDY
That’s a funny address.

PETER
No it isn’t.

WENDY
I mean, is that what they put on letters?

PETER
Don’t get any letters.

WENDY
But your mother gets letters?

PETER
Don’t have a mother.

WENDY
So that’s why you were crying.

PETER
I wasn’t crying about mothers. I was crying because I couldn’t get my shadow to stick on. Besides, I wasn’t crying.

WENDY
Has it come off?

PETER
It ran away as I was leaving the other night and then your mother found it.

WENDY
My mother’s seen you?

PETER
All grown-ups have whether they want to remember or not.
JANE still watches from her bed and begins interacting with the story she sees unfold.

WENDY and JANE

They have?

PETER
Your mother? She knows the stories about me, too.

WENDY and JANE

But she never said—

PETER
Of course she didn’t. Now I will require some assistance with this shadow.

WENDY
It will have to be sewn on.

PETER
What’s sewn?

WENDY
You’re dreadfully ignorant. I daresay it will hurt a little.

PETER and JANE

I won’t cry.

WENDY retrieves a needle and thread and stitches the shadow.

WENDY
There.

PETER
How clever I am! Oh, the cleverness of me!

WENDY
Of course I did nothing!

PETER
You did a little.

WENDY
A little? Well if I’m no use then you can just leave.
She huffs back to her bed.

**PETER**
Wendy, don’t. I can’t help it, Wendy, when I’m pleased with myself. Wendy… Wendy, one girl is more use than twenty boys.

**WENDY**
Do you really think so Peter?

**PETER**
Yes, I do.

**Beat.**

Do you know what else?

**WENDY**
What?

**PETER**
I’ve come every night just to listen to your stories.

**WENDY**
You have?

**PETER**
I could never tell a story like you.

**WENDY**
I think it’s perfectly sweet of you. I will give you a kiss if you like it.

**PETER** holds out his hand expectantly.

**WENDY and JANE**
Don’t you know what a kiss is?

**PETER**
I will know when you give it to me.

**WENDY** hands him the thimble.

Now, I will give you a kiss.
WENDY inclines her face towards him but instead he drops an acorn button in her hand.

WENDY

I will wear this kiss always.

She retrieves a chain and fastens it, with the acorn on it, around her neck.

Peter, how old are you?

PETER

I don’t know. But I am quite young. Wendy, I ran away the day I was born!

WENDY and JANE

You ran away?

WENDY

Without telling your mother?

PETER

I heard her and father talking about what I would be when I became a man. I don’t want to ever be a man!

WENDY and JANE

Oh, Peter, I want to run away!

PETER

Do it, Wendy. You’ll never have to see your mother again.

WENDY and JANE

Never see mother again?

PETER

Forever, just you and me and the sky. Just think of it. All those stories you imagine… Wouldn’t be stories anymore.

WENDY

You see, I wish...

JANE

I wish...
2. IN MY DREAMS

WENDY
EVERYTHING IS LOCKED UP TIGHT,
NO ROOM TO FLY AWAY.

JANE
NO ROOM TO MAKE A CHOICE MY OWN,
NO CHANCE TO CHOOSE TO STAY.

WENDY and JANE
SHE’S DESIGNED A DREAMLESS LIFE,
SO MUCH THAT I CAN’T SEE.
AND SINCE SHE KEEPS THINGS SAFE AND SOUND
I’VE JUST GOT TO BREAK FREE!

WENDY
AND IN MY DREAMS I SAIL AWAY THROUGH OPEN WINDOWS.

JANE
IN MY DREAMS I TAKE THE SKY ANYWHERE THE WIND BLOWS.

WENDY and JANE
IN MY DREAMS I RIDE THE MORNING ONWARD, STRAIGHT AHEAD
WHERE DAWN TURNS RED, IN MY DREAMS.

JANE
EVERYTHING THE WORLD HAS KNOWN
I NEED TO TASTE AND FEEL
A WORLD THAT’S BURNING, BLINDING, BRIGHT,
A WORLD ALIVE AND REAL.

WENDY
LET ME FALL INTO THE SKY,
AND GLIDE TIL DAY IS DONE.

WENDY and JANE
AND WHEN THE NIGHT HAS TAKEN DAY
I’LL STAY AND CHASE THE SUN!

AND IN MY DREAMS I SWIM TO WHERE THERE’S NO TOMORROW.
IN MY DREAMS I RIDE THE TIDE WHERE NO ONE ELSE CAN FOLLOW.
IN MY DREAMS THE WATER’S DEPTHS WILL NEVER REACH AN END
AND I DESCEND, IN MY DREAMS.

JANE

WENDY
MOTHER, LOOK, I’M NOT A CHILD!
I’M NOT A CHILD ANYMORE.
SEE I’M GROWING FAST AND WILD.
SEE I’M GROWING FAST AND WILD.

WENDY and JANE
NEED TO STUMBLE AND EXPLORE
THE UNIVERSE OUTSIDE THAT DOOR.

IN MY DREAMS
I SEE THE WORLD THAT MOM’S BEEN HIDING.
IN MY DREAMS
IT’S NEVER SAFE BUT I DO THE DECIDING.
IN MY DREAMS
I GO THE PLACE WHERE STARLIGHT STARTS TO SHINE,
A WORLD ALL MINE
SO FULL IT’S BURSTING AT THE SEAMS
IN MY DREAMS!

PETER
Come with me, Wendy. Come to Neverland.

WENDY and JANE
Neverland?

ADULT WENDY re-enters Jane’s bedroom. JANE is focused on the story unfolding in her mind and her arms outstrecth as if she is about to fly off. ADULT WENDY approaches her.

ADULT WENDY
Janey, bedtime. Are you trying to fly away?

JANE
Maybe! Second to the right and straight on till morning!

What?

ADULT WENDY

JANE
That’s where they’re flying.

ADULT WENDY
Where who’s flying, dear?
JANE
The boy and the girl in my dreams. They fly over Mermaid Lagoon and Marooner’s Rock and the Jolly Roger—

ADULT WENDY
How do you know those names?

JANE
The boy always says them. When I wake up it’s like they’ve been tucked to the back of my mind, but I can remember again once it’s bedtime.

ADULT WENDY
Tell me about this boy.

JANE
He lost his shadow when he was listening at the window for stories. And one night he comes into the girl’s room to steal his shadow back. And he tries to stick it with soap but it won’t work so he cries and the girl wakes up.

IN MY DREAMS SHE ASKS HIM, “BOY, WHY ARE YOU CRYING?”
IN MY DREAMS HE TAKES HER HAND AND SUDDENLY THEY’RE FLYING.

Momma. You know them, don’t you?

ADULT WENDY
Yes, darling. I’ve seen them, too.

The bedrooms disappear and PETER and WENDY lift off, soaring over Neverland. Music swells as they fly in.